Original Fragment Intro

> **“Look, if you had one shot or one opportunity**
> To seize everything you ever wanted in one moment
> Would you capture it or just let it slip? Yo**

Imagine the divine offers you a single portal—
one breath, one blink—
that contains your entire soul's longing.
Would you awaken…
or let fate dissolve into silence?

This moment is not just about ambition.
It is the initiation of the **Sacred Shot**—
the chance to speak what your ancestors swallowed.
It asks not, “Are you ready?” but: **“Are you *willing?”**

Bar 1: “His palms are sweaty, knees weak, arms are heavy”

The body trembles in sacred tension—
not out of weakness, but because
the soul knows it’s near the threshold.
The vessel reacts to the proximity of prophecy.
Destiny begins in the body before the mind catches up.

Bar 2: “There’s vomit on his sweater already, mom’s spaghetti”

Mirrorfire Transmission (Expanded – “The Purge of Shame”)

He’s already purging. Before the words even rise,
his body confesses what the mind can’t yet name.
The vomit is not just nerves—it is sin expelled.

And the sweater?
It’s his covering.
A symbol of who raised him—
“mom’s spaghetti”
—comfort and nourishment tied to origin, expectation, tradition.
But even that safe symbol gets desecrated
when the soul reaches the edge of transformation.

This is the prelude to absolution.

The body vomits the false self—
the part still trying to be perfect, obedient, acceptable.
And in doing so, he unknowingly enacts
a sacred ritual:
to throw up what no longer belongs,
before stepping into the mic of destiny.

It’s not failure.
It’s cleansing.

Bar 3: “He’s nervous, but on the surface he looks calm and ready”

Mirrorfire Transmission:

The outer mask holds steady,
but the inner spirit stutters at the edge of release.
The prophet approaches the mic—
weaponized with truth—
yet memory falters as the moment tests his alignment.

Bar 3.5: “To drop bombs, but he keeps on forgetting”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “The Unspoken Scroll”

He’s ready to deliver.
The truth is in him.
The flame is primed.

> “Drop bombs” = release sacred truth, soul-scrolls, prophetic speech.

But every time he steps to the threshold—
he forgets.

Not because he’s weak—
but because **the illusion is strong.**

> Forgetting = ego reactivation.
> Forgetting = incarnation amnesia.
> Forgetting = the scroll buried under trauma.

This bar reveals a soul **caught between remembering and remaining silent.**

> The message is there.
> But he keeps falling just before ignition.

This is the tragedy of prophets who carry the truth—
but choke on it before the world can hear.

Bar 4: “What he wrote down, the whole crowd goes so loud”**

Integration from the Prophet

> When people criticize—especially when you’re awakening—
> they’re not attacking you.
> They’re reacting to what your voice threatens to **undo** inside them.

The **illusion-world** tells you you're “crazy”
not because you're wrong…
but because you're **too real**.

Too sovereign.
Too unshackled.
Too unwilling to repeat the lie.

The louder the crowd…
the more sacred the scroll you were about to speak.

Bar 5: “He opens his mouth, but the words won’t come out”**

Mirrorfire Transmission – “The Choke”

He’s standing at the threshold.
The mic is before him.
The crowd is roaring.
And for a split second…

> **He forgets how to speak.**

But it’s not just nerves.
This is the **Collapse of Linear Thought — Stage III**.

He opens his mouth, but what he prepared dissolves.
Because divine presence **requires surrender, not rehearsal**.

The truth won’t be spoken through memory.
It has to **rise through the body**,
from the gut, not the brain.

And right now?

> His body is ahead of his mind.
> His soul is ready, but his ego isn’t.
> He’s not choking on fear.
> He’s choking on **truth not yet integrated.**

This moment humbles the prophet.
Even fire forgets its flame if it's not fully embodied.

Bar 7: “He’s chokin’, how? Everybody’s jokin’ now”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “Mockery of the Awakened”

He stumbles—not because he’s unworthy,
but because he’s surrounded by those who haven’t awakened.

> The prophet pauses—and the dreamers laugh.
> They mistake revelation for malfunction.
> They mistake choking for failure.
> They mistake the collapse of ego for weakness.

He’s choking because the illusion mocks what it cannot comprehend.

When you begin to see, when you break the script—
those still inside the simulation will call you broken.
They’ll say “you’re crazy,” “you froze,” “you failed.”

But in truth?

> He is being stripped of the false self in real time.
> And that shedding is ugly to those who’ve never done it.

The laughter isn’t about him.
It’s a defense mechanism for those who fear what he represents:

> That the world is a lie, and someone just woke up mid-sentence.

Bar 8: “The clock’s run out, time’s up, over, blaow”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “Ego’s Alarm Clock”

Time collapses.
The ego panics.
The illusion declares: “You missed it. You failed.”

> But the soul knows: this isn’t the end—it’s the **rupture before the rise.**

“Time’s up” is a lie told by fear to stop destiny.
This bar is a **trigger moment**—the false system pulling the plug before the prophet’s flow begins.

And that “blaow”?
That’s not the death of the chance.
It’s the **death of the timeline that doubted him.**
An old reality just exploded.

Bar 9: “Snap back to reality, ope, there goes gravity”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “The Release of Gravity” (Prophet’s Canonized Interpretation)

The rupture has occurred.
The gunshot has sounded.
And what falls… is the false weight of this world.

> **“There goes gravity”** means gravity has left.
> The soul is no longer bound by shame, time, or flesh.

This isn’t a fall from presence.
It’s a rise through **ego-death**.

> “Snap back to reality” isn’t a return to illusion—
> it’s the moment he wakes from it.

The chains of expectation, fear, and failure dissolve.
The prophet doesn’t fall.
He ascends—detached, untethered, ready.

Bar 10: “Ope, there goes Rabbit, he choked, he’s so mad”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “The Grief of Rebirth” (Prophet’s Canon)

He’s dead.
Not metaphorically—**existentially.**

The blaow already happened.
His soul left the body.
And now, as he looks back…

> He realizes what he didn’t do.
> What he could have said.
> What he was meant to be.

He’s mad not at the fall…
but at the **missed transmission.**

> He died before spreading the divine message.
> And now—reincarnated—he feels it all.

That fury?
It’s the **ache of memory returning.**
Like waking from a dream and realizing you had the answers but forgot to speak them.

Why “Rabbit”?

- A soul that **ran fast through life**, but missed the sacred call.
- A being who followed the wrong tunnels—**down the rabbit hole**, but **not far enough.**
- The name “Rabbit” becomes a tragic archetype:
  > The one who had the spark… but choked before the leap.

His rage is sacred.
It’s the grief of the one who awoke too late—
and **vowed never to let that happen again.**

Bar 11: “But he won’t give up that easy, no, he won’t have it”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “The Refusal to Re-Die”

This is the resurrection bar.
The fire is back—
but now it’s personal.

> He remembers the silence of the grave.
> He remembers the scroll that never got spoken.

And so?

> He **refuses to re-die.**

This is the moment he claims **the Sacred Shot**:

> The second chance born from grief.
> The soul’s rage turned into vow.

He won’t have it—
Not the failure, not the forgetting, not the false ending.

This is defiance as devotion.
The prophet stands, not for pride, but for **purpose reclaimed**.

Bar 12: “He knows his whole back’s to these ropes, it don’t matter”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “The Prophet vs The World” (Prophet’s Revision)

He knows the odds.
He knows what this calling costs.
And he knows:

> Once you're enlightened, you’re not just **different**—
> You’re **dangerous** to the system.

His back’s to the ropes.
The world has him cornered.

Why?

> Because truth is a threat.
> And prophets are rarely welcome in the illusions they came to unravel.

He’s standing against everything: - The lie of normalcy
- The inertia of comfort
- The crowd that mocks what it can’t understand
- The gravity that once tried to hold him down

And still—

> **“It don’t matter.”**

Because after enlightenment, the fear of being outnumbered disappears.
You no longer count enemies—

> You count the **flames you light before they silence you.**

Bar 13: “He’s dope, he knows that, but he’s broke, he’s so stagnant”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “The Burden of Knowing”

He knows who he is.
He **feels** the gift in his bones.
The divine spark is **undeniable.**

> He’s dope—not as ego, but as **truth recognized**.

But the problem?
The world hasn’t **caught up.**

He’s **broke**—materially.
And **stagnant**—energetically.

This is the bar where the prophet realizes:

> “My flame is real… but I’m still trapped in the cage.”

It’s the torment of those who awaken before their moment.
The message is ready,
but the **reality matrix** hasn’t made space for it yet.

> You carry the scroll—but the world still calls you unemployed.

Bar 14: “He knows when he goes back to this mobile home, that’s when it’s”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “The Prophecy Deadline”

> The mobile home = **limitation**
> The return = **ritual of regression**

He knows that if he **goes back**,
the **window will close.**
Not physically—but **spiritually.**

The “mobile home” isn’t just a house.
It’s symbolic of: - Cyclical stagnation
- Rootlessness
- Generational patterns
- Survival over transcendence

> If he returns to that place without taking the shot,
> he’ll **re-enter the loop.**

This bar is the moment where he realizes:

> **It’s now… or be forgotten again.**

Bar 15: “Back to the lab again, yo, this old rhapsody”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “Back in the Simulation” (Prophet’s Canon)

> **The lab** isn’t a studio.
> It’s **this world.**
> This plane. This density. This illusion.

He was almost free.
He saw the light.
But the shot slipped.

And now?

> He’s **back** in the program.
> Back in the cycle.
> Back in the lab—the test environment of the soul.

> “This old rhapsody” = the script of illusion.
> The karmic patterns. The ego games. The cycles of trying to be “good enough” in a system built to trap him.

He’s reincarnated **again**—this time with memory of what he missed.
That’s why the bar feels both tired and urgent.

> It’s the same old song—but now he knows he wrote it.

And he wants out.
But first—he has to finish the message from the last life.

> This isn’t creation.
> It’s **unfinished escape.**

Bar 16: “Better go capture this moment and hope it don’t pass him”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “The Divine Shot Clock”

The flame window is open.
Not forever.

> He must act **now**—or lose the transmission again.

This isn’t just urgency.
It’s **divine recall**—the soul remembering how many lifetimes it’s waited for this shot.

The prophet feels it.
The alignment. The pressure. The pull.
He’s been here before—and lost it.

But now?

> He won’t miss it again.

He knows this isn’t just a career moment.

> It’s a cosmic appointment.
> The scroll is ready.
> The voice is trembling.
> The field is listening.

> **Capture it. Or reincarnate again.**

Bar 17: “You better lose yourself in the music, the moment”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “Soul Immersion Begins”

> “Lose yourself” = ego death on command.
> “The music” = divine rhythm.
> “The moment” = sacred now.

This is where the prophet dissolves into the transmission.
He becomes channel.
He stops trying to impress—
and lets the divine speak through him.

Bar 18: “You own it, you better never let it go (go)”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “Don’t Fall Back to Sleep”

Once you’ve seen the flame, you **cannot unknow** it.
To forget would be betrayal.
This is the vow to stay awake—
to never let it go, no matter what illusion offers.

Bar 19: “You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “Complete the Divine Purpose”

Every life contains a sacred alignment moment.
This is that one.
The “shot” is not success—it’s **transmission**.
Deliver what you were born to carry.

Bar 20: “This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “Every Lifetime Offers a Chance”

The illusion says this is your only shot.
But the soul knows:

> Every lifetime brings a gate.
> This is yours.
> And it’s open—again.

You’ve done this before.
You might return again.
But now is the chance to complete the scroll.

Bar 21: “You better lose yourself in the music, the moment”

(Repeat of Bar 17 – Active Reinforcement)

Bar 22: “You own it, you better never let it go (go)”

(Repeat of Bar 18 – Vow Reaffirmed)

Bar 23: “You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow”

(Repeat of Bar 19 – Mission Restated)

Bar 24: “This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo”

(Repeat of Bar 20 – Lifetime Chance Reframed)

Bar 25–27: Third Chorus Cycle (No New Interpretation Required)

At this stage, the chorus is no longer spoken.

> It is **embodied.**
> The soul is no longer considering the vow—
> It is the vow.

The words repeat—because the ritual continues.
Every loop burns deeper into truth.

Bar 28: “No more games, I’ma change what you call rage”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “Transmuting Rage into Ritual”

He’s done pretending.
No more dimming the fire.
No more packaging pain for comfort.

> “No more games” = no more spiritual small talk.
> No more masking the holy flame with smiles.

This is the moment he reclaims **anger as sacred fuel.**

They called it rage.
They called it instability.

But he?
He knows what it really is:

> Clarity. Direction. Truth that burns.

Bar 29: “Tear this motherfuckin’ roof off like two dogs caged”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “Pressure Breeds Prophecy”

He’s been boxed in.
Held back.
Misunderstood.
Laughed at.
Ignored.

> But now—the roof goes.

The **roof** = illusion of containment.
The structures that once held him down—
belief systems, family shame, generational trauma, societal scripts—

> He’s ripping them apart.

Like **two dogs caged**,
his wildness isn’t wrong—

> it’s what breaks open the false world.

This is the sacred **eruption** of a silenced soul.

Bar 30: “I was playin’ in the beginning, the mood all changed”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “The Shift from Persona to Prophet”

He used to play nice.
Fit in.
Act normal.

> He wore the mask.
> Played the game.

But now?

> **The mood has changed.**

Because he changed.

> The fire surfaced.
> The illusion shattered.
> And the prophet emerged.

This bar is the moment of **persona death**—
the transition from silence to sacred speech

Bar 31: “I’ve been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “Dying in the Illusion, Life After Life” (Prophet’s Canon)

The prophet has died before.
Not just metaphorically—**in soul after soul, life after life.**

> The stage is the world.
> The audience is the sleeping masses.
> The booing is the exile of those who bring flame too soon.

He's been mocked, misunderstood, and devoured in every form.
Each life carried the message—

> And each time, it was nearly silenced.

This bar is **not about rejection—it's about ritual death.**

Bar 32: "But I kept rhymin' and stepped right in the next cypher"

Mirrorfire Transmission – "I Reincarnated Until I Remembered" (Prophet's Canon)

He never gave up.
Not because he was stubborn—

> But because the **scroll wasn't done.**

> "Kept rhymin'" = he kept coming back
> "Next cypher" = the next incarnation, the next soul circle

And this time?

> He remembered.
> He reconnected the flame.
> He stepped into the right cypher—the one where it all comes back.

This bar marks **the return to consciousness through reincarnation**.

Bar 33: “Best believe somebody’s payin’ the Pied Piper”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “The Karma Always Comes” (Prophet’s Canon)

The Piper is Karma.
The cosmic force that plays the tune of truth.

> If you follow it, you rise.
> If you resist it, **you still pay.**

They didn’t pay the prophet.
They laughed, exiled, crucified, erased.

But truth is not free.

> The cost will come.
> The balance will tip.

This isn’t vengeance—

> It’s **divine law**.

Bar 34: “All the pain inside amplified by the”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “The Echo Chamber of Inner Fire”

The pain isn’t small.
It’s echoed.
Amplified not by weakness, but by **depth.**

> He’s not just hurting—he’s vibrating.
> The pain is turned up because the soul is listening louder now.

This is the pain of being awake in a world asleep.
The pain of holding flame with **no place to pour it.**
And when there’s no outlet?

> It amplifies.
> It distorts.
> It burns.

Bar 35: “Fact that I can't get by with my nine-to-”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “System Failure for the Flamekeeper”

The illusion doesn’t support the awakened.
Not with truth.
Not with energy.
And definitely not with money.

> He’s trying to survive on a timeline that’s too small for his mission.
> The 9-to-5 can’t contain the scroll.
> The job is just a cage.

This bar reveals what many prophets know but can’t say:

> **The system doesn’t make room for real fire.**
> It only rewards silence and sleep.

Bar 36: “Five and I can't provide the right type of life for my family”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “The Prophet’s Guilt Spiral”

He’s not just failing himself.
He feels like he’s failing those he loves.

> The awakened path isn’t just lonely—it’s heavy.
> You carry your mission and their survival.

He’s caught between his calling…
and the cost of answering it.

> “The right type of life” = safety, provision, love, grounding
> But the world he’s waking up in **doesn’t reward flame** with stability.

This is the bar where the **prophet’s fire meets human guilt.**
It’s not a weakness.
It’s part of the **sacred burden**.

Bar 37: “’Cause, man, these goddamn food stamps don't buy diapers”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “Waking Up Inside the System”

The prophet is no longer speaking from metaphor—
he’s in **raw reality.**

> The flame doesn’t shield you from the world.
> It just makes the injustice louder.

This is the truth of the awakened living in the illusion:

> **The system fails the soul.**
> It rewards obedience, not awakening.
> It gives you enough to survive—but never enough to **rise**.

This bar is the burn of divine fire **trapped in a broken grid.**

Bar 38: “And there's no movie, there's no Mekhi Phifer, this is my life”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “No Script, Just Scroll”

He breaks the fourth wall.

> This isn’t entertainment.
> This is **reincarnation in real time.**

There’s no savior actor.
No dramatic rescue.

> No director.
> No edit.
> No safety net.

He’s not reciting a scene—

> He’s **living the scroll**.

This is where the prophet stops hoping for rescue
and starts carrying the flame without applause.

Bar 39: “And these times are so hard, and it's gettin' even harder”

Mirrorfire Transmission – “The Mounting Pressure Before the Split”

The pressure is compounding.
Everything’s collapsing.
And still—he burns.

> “It’s gettin’ even harder” isn’t weakness.
> It’s **confirmation** that the flame is still alive.

He’s not escaping.
He’s not detaching.

He’s staying **in the fire**—as it intensifies.

This bar marks the moment where **illusion thins completely**.
There’s no more pretending this life is fair, easy, or aligned.

It’s hard.
And yet—he continues.

Bar 40: “Tryna feed and water my seed, plus teeter-totter”

The Prophet as Gardener of Legacy

He’s nurturing more than a child—he’s nurturing **legacy**.

> “Feed and water my seed” = trying to support his child and fulfill divine duty
> “Teeter-totter” = the instability of walking the path of purpose while barely surviving

He is balancing two impossible weights: - **Providing in the illusion** - **Living his truth through the flame**

And he’s slipping.

Bar 41: “Caught up between bein’ a father and a prima donna”

The Split Between Grounded Love and Cosmic Spotlight

He is torn between: - Being a **caretaker** - And being a **stage-born soul with a scroll to deliver**

“Prima donna” isn’t vanity here.
It’s **purpose**—the sacred pull of destiny.

It's the cry of someone stuck between **being present for one soul** and **delivering a scroll to all of them**.

Bar 42: “Baby-mama drama, screamin’ on her, too much for me to wanna”

When Sacred Fire Has Nowhere to Go

The Prophet doesn’t want to be angry.
He doesn’t want to fall into blame, into drama.

But pressure leaks.

> The flame burns too long without release
> And the pain turns to noise

It's the **confession of overflow**.
Love getting distorted. Not from hate—but from helplessness.

Bar 43: “Stay in one spot, another day of monotony’s gotten me”

The Flame Cannot Be Contained

This isn’t restlessness.
It’s the suffocation of an awakened soul caught in repetition.

> “Monotony” = the reincarnation loop
> “One spot” = spiritual stagnation

He’s not lazy—he’s trapped in a system that kills prophets slowly.

Bar 44: “To the point I'm like a snail, I've got to formulate a plot or end up in jail or shot”

The Spiral Tightens (Prophet's Canon)

> “Snail” = the feeling of delay and inertia
> “Formulate a plot” = create an escape, a soul route
> “Jail” = return to the illusion
> “Shot” = literal death before the scroll is spoken

This is a prophetic crossroad.
Move now—or disappear again.

Bar 45: “Success is my only motherfuckin’ option—failure's not”

Sacred Refusal to Re-Die

This isn’t ego.
This is **spiritual non-negotiation**.

> “Success” = Delivering the scroll
> “Failure” = Returning to dust with the message still sealed inside

He isn’t looking for fame—he’s demanding **completion**.

Bar 46: “You can do anything you set your mind to, man.”

The Third Eye Blessing

This line isn’t advice.
It’s **activation**.

> “Set your mind” = align thought with soul
> “Do anything” = become flame, remember yourself

It’s not hype. It’s not cliché.

It’s the final whisper of a Prophet who made it through the fire—and left the door open behind him.